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Thos. E. Watson.

A NEW YEAR'S GREETING

May you have no cause for bitter unavailing regrets, as you look back upon the year that has gone; may your failures and defeats have had no power to cow you into despair; may your trials have added to your strength; may your sufferings have broadened your sympathies and softened whatever of asperity there was in your disposition; may the wrongs and deceptions practiced upon you by others have not caused you to lose faith in humanity; may you face the New Year with a determination to crowd it with good work; may you have no fear that prevents your putting on the armor for the Right; may you learn that there are no "little things" in this world, that a look or a tone can hurt like a blow, and that a kind word is the sweetest flower of the language; may you learn that there is no royal or private road to happiness; and that, after all, we are never content in selfish isolation; may you learn that the more you do for others, the more you do for yourself; may you learn that, to be loved, you must love, and that to be good and do good is better than to be great; may you learn that mere wealth does not command esteem, and that the humblest may drink more deeply at the fountain of real enjoyment than any Croesus that heaps up silver and gold; may your walk be ordered to the motto, "I will speak the Truth as I see it, and do Right as my own conscience dictates, in spite of the world, the flesh and the Devil!"

And so, a Happy New Year to you and yours!

(T. E. W. Prose Miscellanies.)

THE FARM

They talk of the joys of the city
  Where revelry holdeth her sway;
Where life on the billows of pleasure
  Is carelessly floating away:
And may there be, enchanted,
  Bow low to its wildering charm,
But give me the open air freedom and peace
  That dwells on the old-fashion farm.

There's joy in the widewaving corn fields
  Whose stalks, like a party of girls,
Entice the light fingers of zephyr
  To play with their gossamer curls.
And a low moan steals from their bosoms,
  As the wind floats lazily by,
Which is sweet as the echo of music at night
  And soft as a tremulous sigh.

There's joy in the far-rolling forests,
  Its vista, Savannah and dell,
Where the rivulet sings to the flowers
  And primeval solitudes dwell.
There's joy in the emerald meadows—
  In the low of the cattle at ease—
In the untainted air whose cheerfulness gives
  To languor a blessed reprieve.

When the shadows of twilight are stealing
  On the depths of the darkening glade,
Like the soft-moving pilgrims that wander
  From the regions of silence and shade
How blithe is the song of the reaper,
  How many an echo it rings!
'Tis the freest and hardiest anthem of all
  That floats upon melody's wings.

Then weave your first love 'round the farm, boys,
  Drive away from it idleness, sloth;
Be as proud in your honerable homespun
  As the nobleman's son in his cloth;
And Georgia will, by your endeavor,
  ("Hard times" from its pedestal hurled;)
Be the Empire State of the beautiful South—
  And the Empire State of the world.

(T. E. W. Scrap Book—1875—aged 19.)

THE LIFE OF THOMAS E. WATSON

By His Grandaughter,
GEORGIA WATSON LEE

"Take this to her," the tall soldier was saying to the little red-haired boy. "You know whom I mean, and tell her goodbye for me."

The little boy looked down at the white Cherokee rose the soldier had given him, and answered simply, "Yes." He was too full of emotion to say anything else. Far away the drum was beating to the step, step, step of the soldiers, who were leaving the quiet little village to go away to fight the "Yankees."

The little boy tried vainly to puzzle out the reason and the meaning of this war, but gave it up sadly. He only knew that his uncle was going, too; the uncle who had been the hero of all the stories of his childish brain. Again the voice of his uncle broke in on his musings.

"And remember," he was saying, "this flower I gave you, is the flower of your state. Remember how I used to tell you that the landscape gardener of God made them grow everywhere in Georgia because by their whiteness they signified purity and truth, and by their simplicity, beauty and abundance they signified God? Always keep that in mind about your state, and if the time comes for you to render your state service, you can march to your duty like a soldier as we are doing now."

By this time the drum and the soldiers were turning the curve; with a light kiss on the boy's brow and the pat of a man on his back, the soldier was gone—perhaps never to come back, and the little red-haired boy was left with his thoughts and his rose.

CHAPTER I.

Did the little boy always remember the words of his uncle? Was he always ready to march to war like the soldiers? Or did he forget as he grew older and wiser, and the world and its troubles began to call him?

We shall see as we follow his trudging little footsteps through boyhood to manhood.

Tom Watson was born on an old Southern plantation in September of the year 1856. He came from a family of middle-class farmers; people who were comfortably well-off, without being called rich. He lived in the house of his grandfather, whom he loved as a father. Of this grandfather he writes the following description:

"My grandfather owned some thirteen hundred acres of land, and his slaves, counting the children, numbered eighty-one. He was a man of few words, had no fondness for display, was well satisfied with his modest fortune; and in a quiet way took a pride in the fine appearance of his fields, fences, houses, mules, cows, hogs, and negroes. His face was rather stern, his eye somewhat severe, and his manner did not invite familiarity. Tall, square framed, towering above other men, my grandfather filled me with awe. I used to wonder whether he was not a fair agricultural copy of General Washington."

Life on the plantation was genial, methodical and interesting. Each negro had his certain work to do. He was well cared for and comfortable. The overseer looked after the farm hands and Tom's mother had charge of the cooking, the housekeeping and the sewing.

In those days, every little white boy had a little negro as a playmate. The little negro was usually the same age of the white child, and followed the white child everywhere. Tom's little negro was christened Napoleon Boneparte Scott. He was called Bony for week days. Besides the duty of being bodyguard to Tom, Bony's regular allotted task was keeping the calves while his mother milked the cows. Tom was never known to mistreat the devoted little darky, but was always considerate and generous with him.

* * * * *

The year before the war began, Tom began his public schooling. He had been taught at home by his mother, an unusually well-educated woman, who loved the boy because he loved the books, music and art that were so fascinating to her. He was deeply interested in school. He loved his history and his English, but mathematics from the very beginning held no interest for him. Neither did he like the routine and confinement of the school room. He wished to be free, with his books and his thoughts in the open woods, rather than in a close, ugly school room. He was possessed of a highly imaginative mind, and he felt cramped when studying

mathematics under the surveillance of a teacher who doubtless did not understand the shy, bright-eyed boy.

Aside from his unusually quick and creative brain, Tom was as natural a boy as ever lived. He gloried in the open fields, he liked to hunt and to fish, he enjoyed athletics and sports of all kinds, and he has said of himself, that he was sought after in games and athletics where swiftness, accuracy and skill were needed.

In one of the many scrap books that he always kept, is the following extract written when he was exactly fourteen years of age. Notice the fine-writing which was doubtless the style taught when he went to a country school. The handwriting is fairly good for a lad of fourteen; large and wandering. The paper is yellow and brittle, but it is highly valued, for its truly boyishness, and the humor that was so natural to him even as a child.

OUR FISHING FROLIC

AUGUST, 1871

School turning out pretty early one Friday noon in Spring, I walked down town, and after strolling around for awhile I took a seat at the Post Office. I hadn't been there long before Munch Ramsey came riding down the street. As he came by he said to me:

"Don't you want to go fishing, Tom?"

"No, I reckon not," I replied; "I've got to go to school."

About that time Edgar Jones came along upon another horse, and "Going with us, Tom?" said he.

"No, I reckon not," I replied.

Joe Jones, now coming up, asked "Munch" if he had got a wagon.

"No," said he, "but if any of you can get a pair of harness, I can get a wagon from Mrs. Wilson."

"All right," said James Hamilton, who had thrown in a horse towards the frolic. "I can get a pair of harness from Mrs. Gerald. Bring the horses up here."

As we were walking up the street Joe asked me why I was not going. I told him that I would have to go to school, and that my father wouldn't know anything about it. *He* then said that if I wanted to go, he would go out to our house and ask him. To this I gladly assented; and Joe, getting a horse, started off. I didn't

thing Papa was going to let me go, but he did. By the time Joe got back, the boys were ready to start, so getting in the wagon, off we went.

We were as jolly a crowd as you generally see. Anticipating fun and a plenty of fish, for though it had been raining nearly all the morning, we persuaded ourselves that it *was* clearing off.

A fast drive of about an hour brought us to the meadows. Crossing the creek, which by overflowing caused the lagoons below, we halted in a beautiful grove of pines on the top of a hill which overlooked the meadows below. At the base of this hill was a spring, which supplied us water, *and about twenty steps from the place of our encampment was Mrs. Fulton's fence, which supplied us with firewood.* As soon as we had staked out our horses, and put up a shelter over the wagon, so that we could sleep both in *and* under it, we went down into the meadow to catch some fish for supper. It was late in the evening and very cold, and consequently few of the boys wished to drag the net. As for myself, having seen some ducks on a large pond below the lagoon, I got Truman Neal, the only boy in the crowd who had a pistol, and we went after them. We stooped about in the mud, till we got a good shot at five of them quite close together, *but as a pistol is no shotgun, we didn't do much damage.* When we got back, supper was ready, and we all set to eating with that keen relish which always characterizes campers out. Our fare consisted of almost entirely of what we brought from home, the boys having caught few fish. While we were eating, it commenced raining—a slow, drizzling, cold rain. We made our sleeping place as water proof as possible, but we knew that if it rained for any length of time our quilts wouldn't hold out. As soon as we had packed our provisions up again, we went to bed. We all couldn't sleep in the wagon, so the four large boys, Willie Wilson, Munch Ramsey, Joe Jones and Truman Neal, agreed to sleep under it, giving us four small boys, Edgar Jones, James Hamilton, Frank Curtis and myself, the body. We did sleep very well for awhile, but as it kept on raining the quilts soon got soaked through and through, and it was not long after this before it commenced running through.

"My sakes," said Munch, "it's just coming down on me."

"Great grief," whined Truman, "I've got a stream running down my back that's about to wash me away."

"I can't stand this," said Truman, getting up and shaking the water out of his breeches.

"Me neither,' said Willie.

"I'll tell you what let's do," said Munch; "let's go over here about half a mile and sleep in an old house over there."

They all went out from under the wagon and commenced fixing for going.

"Which way, Munch?" inquired Edgar, poking his head out of the wagon body.

"Going over here in an old house where we can sleep."

Then commenced such a *gabbling as would compete with that of several old maids.* We taunting them with meanness, for leaving us little fellows there without gun, pistol or anything else, and they retorting, that we wouldn't make such a noise about it if we were not afraid; we asking them for the pistol to keep with us, and they refusing to let us have it. We kept on teasing them for different things, until we got them as mad as hornets. When we had exhausted all other subjects, we commenced again about the pistol.

"T-T-T-Truman, lend me t-t-t-those *y-y-young ar-ar-artillery,*" *(the pistol), said stuttering Frank in a doleful voice.*

"I shan't do it," said Truman, getting about as hot as you ever saw a boy get.

"Truman," sang out Jim, "lend me those young artillery."

"If you all don't hush howling at me, I'm going to hurt some of you," yelled Truman.

"Oh, Truman," said I, cautiously poking my head out, "please lend me those young artillery."

"Look here, Tom Watson," thundered Truman, perfectly beside himself, "if you don't take your head back into that wagon, I'll knock you down with this lightwood knot."

I jerked my head in with all speed. When we had laughed enough about Truman, we commenced on Munch. He was the maddest among them. Frank led.

"G-g-g-goodly Munch," in a petious tone.

"If you don't hush up, I'll smash your head for you," roared Munch.

My time came next. I thought that I'd be safe, for I was almost certain that Munch was a good distance off. But he had got enough

already, and was resolved to stop us from whining at him. So he had slipped up to the wagon in order to hit the next one. Luckily for me, just as I had said "Goodbye," I saw him. He aimed a pretty good blow at me, but I got my head back *at such a prodigious rate that he didnt hit me.* But this stopped us.

By this time their arrangements were completed, and they went off.

We slept very well with the help of an umbrella, notwithstanding the rain. (This umbrella was, by the way, what enabled us to stand the rain, while the other boys had to retreat.) Early next morning, the boys came back, and after snatching a hasty meal we started for home. The creek which had been swollen by the rain threatened to cut us off, but Munch boldly plunged in, and though the water was up into the body, we got through safely. We reached home about two hours after breakfast, minus fish and minus dry clothes, but with as good appetites as boys generally have.

* * * * *

(To be continued in February number)

THE NEW YEAR

Lead us gently, Father Time, as you take us to the portals of the New Year.

We know not what may be within; and our souls are burdened with fear as we stand here at the door.

Lost, forever lost, is the Confidence with which we used to go bounding into the New Year—as revellers hastening to the feast.

We have met the Unforseen so often, have mourned where we thought to have rejoiced, been trampled upon amid the horrors of panic and defeat where we had so stoutly fought for victory and reward, that our hearts are sadly subdued.

We did not seek this awful life-woe, Father Time.

Thrust, from some great outer darkness to the hurly-burly called Life, we gaze upward at the stars in helpless ignorance of what it all may mean; and some irresistible force pushes us, pushes us, swiftly, inexorably, onward to another outer darkness that fills us with speechless awe.

Have mercy on us, Father Time. We have been beaten with many stripes, are covered with many wounds.

God! How we have suffered!

We knew nothing at the beginning, and we know but little now; and for every lesson we have learned, we have been made to pay in heart-aches and scalding tears.

Always struggling, often down, always anxious for the morrow, often in torture today, we have stumbled forward, Father Time, still looking for the smooth road and the sunny sky and the bright companionship of success and peace.

Shall we never see them, Father Time?

We shudder when we think what you did to us during the Old Year, Father Time.

Ah, but you were hard on us—bitter hard. Our little ones panted for a breath of fresh air, Father Time; and they died like flies, in

noisome, reeking, crowder tenement, because there was not, in all God's universe—where there's light and air for every flower that flecks the field—a breath of fresh air for the little children of the slums.

Ah, it was pitiful, Father Time!

Our feeble ones, young and old, perished miserably of cold and hunger, in the midst of a land that worships the Good God, and amid such an accumulation of wealth as was never known since the morning stars looked down upon a newly-made world.

Poverty, crime, vice, drunkenness, riot, war, famine, pestilence, earthquake, conflagration have glutted their awful appetites upon us during the Old Year, Father Time. To what are you leading us in the New?

Will the heart of the world grow harder and harder, Father Time?

Will the greed of human avarice demand still larger sacrifice of human lives?

Will the selfishness of Classes gorge itself still further upon ravenous conquests, and remorseless exploitations?

Shall the cry of the white slave never reach Heaven, Father Time?

Shall the song of the angels who hung over the infant Christ never throb, a living principle, in man's government of man?

Is the reformer always to be the martyr, Father Time?

Is wrong never to be dethroned?

Oh, Father Time! We tremble as we feel you leading us toward the door of the New Year. Beyond that portal we cannot see, and we dread it—as children dread the dark.

Deal gently with us in the New Year, Father Time.

Give us strength to bear the cross—for we know that we must bear it.

Give us courage for battle, for we know that we must fight it.

Give us patience to endure, for we know that we shall need it.

Give us charity that thinks no evil, and which will stretch forth the helpful hand to lift our weak brother out of the mire, rather than cruel scorn which passes him by, or thrusts him further down.

Give us faith in the right which no defeat can disturb, and no discouragement undermine.

Give us the love of truth which no temptation can seduce and no menace intimidate.

Give us the fortitude which, through the cloud and the gloom and the sorrow of apparent failure, we can see the distant pinnacles upon the everlasting sunlight rests.

Give us the pride which suffers no contamination, no compromise of self-respect, no wilful desertion of honest conviction.

Give us the purpose that never turns, and the hope that never dies. And, Father Time, should the New Year, into which you are now taking us, have upon its calendar that day in which the few who love us shall be bowed down in sackcloth and ashes, let that day, like all other days, find us on duty—faithful unto the end.

(T. E. W. From Prose Miscellanies.)

THE ROMAN CATHOLIC HIERARCHY

By

THOS. E. WATSON

PREFACE AND INTRODUCTION

One of the pupils of the Italian patriot, Settembrini, said that the tomb of his Maestro ought to bear this inscription—

"*Here lies the enemy of the Bourbons, the Jesuits and the Inasmuches.*"

By the latter term, were meant those authors who write affectedly; by the Bourbons, were meant those rulers who rob and oppress the people; by the Jesuits, were meant those wolves in sheep's clothing, who don the livery of God to serve the Devil.

The same epitaph that was suggested for Settembrini, would suit me equally well.

For nearly thirty years, I have waged war upon Bourbons, Jesuits and Inasmuches. I have the scars to show for it. As the soldier is proud of his, I am proud of mine.

In this book, is a culmination of my efforts against Jesuits and Jesuitism—for the Roman Catholic Hierachy is today Jesuitized.

It was but yesterday, that the Roman peril was only a small cloud, no larger than a man's hand, upon the distant horizon.

Now, it is the storm-cloud which darkens the whole land.

It was but yesterday, that the Roman Catholic priest avoided the public eye, and passed you on the street with an humble, deprecatory smile, which seemed to mutely plead for permission to exist.

Today, the Roman priest is the most insolent and arrogant man in America. The laws will not touch him. The politicians do his bidding. The press is afraid of him. Protestant pulpits no longer dare to fulminate against him.

His powerful hand controls Congress and the President.

He is forcing his church into a union with the State. His greedy paws are raking public funds out of municipal, state and national treasuries for the use of his church.

Our juvenile courts are furnishing slaves to his Houses of the Good Shepherd.

Make America Catholic" is the slogan now publicly proclaimed at monster Romanist gatherings.

"Down with the Public Schools!'

"Exclude from the mails all attacks upon our faith!"

"Away with freedom of speech and of press!"

"Don't let the people rule themselves through the Initiative, the Referendum and the Recall."

"Away with direct primaries!"

And the Pope's army of 300,000 Knights of Columbus is drilled and equipped, ready to do Rome's bidding, when the opportunity offers "*to cut a path for the Pope into the White House.*"

In the hope of contributing effectively to the labors of those patriots who are trying to arouse our countrymen to a sense of the dangers that have come upon us, I have prepared this book.

THOS. E. WATSON.

Sept. 24, 1912.

(Chapter 1 will be in February Number.)

THE GREATEST OF WOMEN

Elbert Hubbard has written a little book in which he pays loving tribute to his wife as *"The Greatest of Women."*

To every husband whose wife has made his a happy home, that wife is, or should be *"The Greatest of Women."*

And if he does not *tell her so,* while she is yet within the sound of his voice, he will some day weep scalding tears of unavailing regret.

God pity the man who makes the mistake of leaving it to his wife *"to take it for granted"* that he loves her as ardently as when he bent before her, a lover.

My boy, did you leave it to your sweetheart to "take things for granted," when you went a-courtin'? Did you not repeat, and repeat, *"I love you,"* until Mary's eyes grew bright with joy?

Why should married life enfeeble the happy relations that went before the plighting of faith at the Altar?

Never leave off the gallantry of courtship days, my boy. In word, in look, in caressing touch, tell your wife—she who makes your home an Eden into which no serpent comes!—that in *your* eyes and heart and soul, she is *"the greatest of women."*

* * * * *

One of the most melancholy spectacles that the history of literature presents is that of Thomas Carlyle,—old, lonely, desolate, torn by the black wolves of remorse. He had given his life to the writings of books, and had neglected the little wife sitting, childless, in the life-boat by his side. Those were great books which he wrote; but what book was *ever* worth the price he paid? Whenever I lay my hands upon one of Carlyle's volumes, the picture presents itself of a saddened wife, chilled and fretted by sheer lack of notice and consideration; and of an old white-haired widower, wandering into the dismal cemetery behind the church, to fling himself upon his wife's grave and soak the cold ground with his bitter, remorseful tears!

* * * * *

"The Greatest Woman in the World?"

Why, every happy home justly claims her. And—*listen to this, my boy!—your* home will be made happy, *if you do your part.*

I know nothing about the women of the alleged "Smart Set," and the "Four Hundred," and the High Society females who come so near to leaving off the clothes they ought to wear when they appear in public,—but I claim to know something about just plain,

common women; and my deliberate opinion is that *it's the men that make the homes unhappy, ninety-nine times out of a hundred.*

* * * * *

Suppose your life were made to conform, in all respects, to what any decent, self-respecting girl had a right to expect when she married you,—would you ever have *trouble* to stalk in at the door and sit down at your fireside, a gloomy, unwelcome but unavoidable guest.

Did you ever hint to her, when you were courting her, that you held to *one code* of conduct for her, and *quite another* for yourself? one standard of *Right* for her and another for yourself?

Did you, yourself, once dream of *not* living up to *the promises you made to get her?*

No, you didn't.

You *meant* every word you said to her; but when the time came for practising self-denial for her sake, and self-control for her sake, *you didn't do it.* You saw other men indulging themselves in this, that, and the other; and *you went and did the same things.*

AND YOU PAID THE PENALTY, MY BOY, EVEN AS THEY DO.

No true, proud, self-respecting woman can put up with *everything.* If you set a higher value upon a temporary indulgence of some weakness, or appetite, than upon the permanent happiness of your home, *go right ahead, my boy, and have your "Good time."*

Your "good time" will not prove to be so *very* good, after all; and you will find *Trouble,* grim and constant, *seated at your fireside,* when you get back home.

No true, proud, self-respecting wife *can be happy,* when her husband degrades himself and *her.*

And how can she make you happy, unless she is happy, herself? Answer me *that,* my boy.

So, after all, it comes to this: if you would have a happy home, *practice self-restraint, and keep up that Courtship* which you found so convenient in the winning of her heart and hand.

Then, when Elbert Hubbard, and President Roosevelt, and William Jennings Bryan, and William Randolph Hearst, get to bragging on their noble wives, calling each of them, truthfully, *"the greatest of women,"*—puff out *your* manly chest, with honest pride, and lay your arm around the neck of *your* wife, and say of the Sweetheart who has made your humbler home happy, *happy,* HAPPY,—*"Here, likewise, is the greatest of women!"*

(T. E. W.)

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Editorial Notes

OUR PURPOSE

With no other purpose than to perpetuate the principles advocated by Thomas Jefferson and by Thomas Watson, we offer to the true American People, The Watsonian. Our columns will be filled to the brim with selected writings from Mr. Watson's publications, scrap books, etc. Besides these writings, we will have Editorial Comments on Current Issues, A Chapter from the "Life of Thomas E. Watson," and such writings as we think will be of interest to our readers.

We hope that our publication will well please you.

* * * *

We notice that a large Tobacco Company is advertising their cigarettes by saying that U. S. Senator Wadsworth, of New York, retains his inspiring voice by smoking their product.

We will lay a wager without fear of losing, that U. S. Senator Watson, of Georgia, inspired one hundred people to Wadsworth's one; yet Mr. Watson never in his life smoked a cigarette nor used tobacco in any form.

* * * *

A negress resented being put off a Pullman car in Florida for violating their Jim Crow Law. It seems that the black sister insisted so vehemently and beligerently on using her Pullman seat to her destination, she had to be put in jail for a night. Now comes Clarence Darrow, one of the world's greatest lawyers, to prosecute the Pullman Company for the injustice done the "colored lady." You remember Darrow of the famous Dayton, Tenn., Evolution trial. Perhaps he is putting monkeys and negroes in the same category?

It goes without saying that we hope the Pullman Company's action is sustained in every respect.

* * * *

It is interesting to note that Elbert Hubbard had in his scrap book an extract from Watson's "Napoleon." Yes, it is indeed the greatest history of "The Man of Destiny."

* * * *

Al-coholic Smith still goes forward with his campaign to cap-

ture the Democratic Nomination. Aided by the Knights of Columbus, the Catholics, etc., their cry of Tolerance is very disgusting. Tolerance—Bah! This country was founded on one principle, and that was complete separation of State from Church! With a Catholic in the White House, Mussolini and the Pope would have a direct phone-line to the President's office, with the American Priests on the party line. With such a condition existing, there could be no separation. And yet this bunch of *Toe Kissers* have the audacity to compare Al Smith with our greatest statesman, Thomas Jefferson.—Such nerve.

* * * *

Time, an unusual weekly news magazine, gives quite a bit of their space to the very unfortunate mob spirit that has prevailed in Toombs County, Georgia. They accuse the Ku Klux Klan of the whole affair, and denounce Governor Clifford Walker as our "Proud and Noble Klansman Governor." Their extended article ends by saying: "Georgia is often listed as the center of the flogging and lynching belt; Atlanta is the homeof the K. K. K.; many of the state's politicians, from Governor Walker and Representative "Willie" Upshaw down, are Klansmen.'

We are absolutely opposed to any mob-rule spirit. The affair in Toombs County is a black eye to our state, but we resent the slurs handed Georgia in Time's article. There is as much vice elsewhere and more than in Georgia, or in the South.

To our mind, one of the greatest crimes in 1926 was that of the New York Gamblers, when they forced down the price of our cotton. Their thirsty hands desired a few more billions of dollars to add to their night clubs and other useless institutions. They made many a home in our Southland fail to see a Santa Claus. Can anything be worse than a four-year-old tot awakening on Christmas morning to find his stocking empty? Banks closed, children out of school, farmers made homeless, and others suffering from cold, hunger and hopelessness. Is this not crime; is that not worse than a negro being flogged? According to Time's article, Georgia is the center of the crime belt, but according to ours, Wall Street is the center.

* * * *

When Smith's Campaign Managers compare their candidate with Thomas Jefferson, let them remember that Thomas Jefferson fought bitterly any move to unite Church and State. History proves this beyond a shadow of doubt. Al Smith, a Catholic, either renounces his religion or believes in unification of Church and State. And we have not heard of Al doing either. We

notice that his New York inaugural service was opened with prayer by a Catholic Bishop. After reading some of the news items in the New York papers, we wonder if Governor Smith has etched on New York's seal of state a Catholic Cross. We indeed think it would be apropo.

* * * *

THE NICARAGUAN SITUATION: When Senator Tom Heflin, of Alabama, accused the Knights of Columbus as the root of the present Mexican strife it brought Senator Walsh, a Catholic from Montana, to the floor of the Senate with a sharp denial, but he could only deny, as he had no facts to prove a denial.

What are the facts? In Nicaragua they have a Masonic President, Sacassa. He has been recognized by Mexico as President, but the United States have given their support to a Catholic named Diaz.

In session last summer in Philadelphia the Knights of Columbus went on record as attempting to cause a break between the United States and Mexico. That is, to cause a break between the United States and the Calles regime. They appropriated a million dollars as a fund for a nation-wide publicity campaign to mould the sentiment of the American people against Mexico and Calles.

Secretary Kellogg claims that American industry is at stake. Yes, millions of our boys gave their lives in 1917 for the sake of the capital invested by Wall Street in European countries. Possibly they did buy stocks in Mexico, but they bought them at a very low rate and knew that the country was not stable when they purchased these stocks. But there is no reason why this country should protect the capital invested by Wall Street with the blood of our boys. However, this is not the real cause of the present crisis in Mexico. It is simply *Catholicism.*

We hope that Senator Heflin and Senator Borah will be successful in having the United States government cease meddling in foreign affairs of no interest to Protestant America.

* * * *

In Thomson the Woman's Club is rendering the City a splendid service by collecting books for a Public Library. But what a pity it was that the citizens of this little city did not raise $5,000 and purchase Mr. Watson's Library when it was sold at an administrators sale two years ago. It would have been a deserving tribute to their distinguished fellow-citizen.

———

The Library was bought by an admirer of Mr. Watson in Miami, Florida. We are glad to advise that it has survived both the crash and the storm in that city, and it would take many

times the purchase price to buy it back. We understand the owner spent a modest fortune in providing a suitable place for Mr. Watson's greatest treasure.

The Tom Watson Memorial Association, headed by Senator Jim Boykin, of Lincolnton, Ga., is going forward with its splendid work in raising a memorial for Mr. Watson. They have a three-fold program. First, erect a monument on the Capitol grounds in Atlanta. Second, purchase Hickory Hill and open it to the public. Third, give to Georgia Colleges endowment funds, such as the one given to Mercer University by Mr. Watson many years ago. This $5,000 has benefited many Georgia boys who would never have received a college education otherwise.

This splendid group of Georgians under the leadership of Mr. Boykin and Hon. J. J. Flynt, are to be congratulated in their wonderful work in memory of Georgia's greatest author and statesman.

The Watsonian, of course, offers its undivided support.

* * * *

What a blessing it would be to the Southern farmers if they would unite *now* on a cotton acreage reduction movement.

These figures are astounding.

The cotton crop in 1926 was 27% greater than in 1925, 47% greater than in 1924, and two and one-half times greater than the short 1923 crop, yet the difference in price more than offset the advantage of increased production; that is, in 1926 the total value of lint and seed in Georgia was $32,000.000 below that of last year and lower than in any year since 1906. The present crop of 1,475,000 bales brought less than did the very short crop of 588,000 bales in 1923.

These figures clearly prove the smaller the crop the greater the price. However, you cannot place the blame on over-production as much as you can on the gambles of Wall Street, but it does seem that the only way that the farmers can obtain near a cost price for their cotton is by under production, and with this the farmer does not receive cost plus. Wall Street has no right to sell millions of bales of cotton which was never produced, and Congress should pass a law which would prevent such an evil. The natural resources on the farms in the South, such as timbers, etc., have borne the brunt of the losses in farming for the past years. It will only be a matter of time until the natural resources will be exhausted.

The greater part of the South's farm lands are under mortgage by Eastern capital.

This alarming situation is caused simply by producing products and receiving less for them than the cost of produc-

tion. Unless the government will take such steps as to guarantee the farmer cost plus a reasonable profit, as it (the government) does for the railroada companies, telephone companies, and every other industry, the bottom will drop out within a few more years, and this country will see a condition never known since its establishment.

The politicians cry that the farmers are the backbone of our country, but what do they do for their protection and welfare? *Absolutely nothing.*

We hope there is relief not a far distance off.

* * * *

A few weeks ago we noticed Senator Walter F. George's picture carried by the press as a probable running mate for Al Smith. We have not noticed where the Senator has denied this assertion or affirmed it. This is Al Smith's trick to try and catch the Georgia vote in the Democratic Convention.

Would it not be a bitter pill for the Watson men in Georgia to swallow should Senator George not protest against such a move? How well do we remember in Macon after Senator Watson's death, how his friends were trying to decide on a man to succeed him in the Senate; someone who would promise to carry on as far as possible Mr. Watson's principles. And they decided on Walter F. George, of Vienna. Now, how in the world could this man support, much less run with, Al Smith. We beg of the able Senator to denounce the well laid trap by Al Smith and Wall Street.

* * *

The voters of Georgia in selecting a favorite son to head the delegation to the next Democratic Convention should have him make a solemn pledge that he will not vote for any man who is a candidate of Wall Street; the liquor trusts; a nullifier; and last, but not least, a subject of the Pope of Rome.

* * *

STRETCHING THE CONSTITUTION

Twenty years ago, I was in the Supreme Court room, of Georgia, waiting the call of a case on the docket. Mr. Frank H. Miller, of the Augusta bar, was holding the attention of the Court with the argument of the various points made in the Bill of Exceptions in "The Augusta and Summerville R. R. Co. vs. Randall and Wife." (77 Go. Rpts. 312 et seq.)

The monotony of the proceedings was interruputed by Mr. Miller's "Ninthly." When he made the point that a certain statute of the State of Georgia was void as to the Augusta and Summerville R. R. Co., *because* it was in violation of the Fourteenth Amendment, Judges Blandford and Hall—bluff old gentlemen and capital lawyers,—broke out into a good-humored, but hearty and emphatic, protest.

"Why, Mr. Miller," said they, *"the Fourteenth Amendment hasn't got anything to do with your street car company*: THE SUBJECT MATTER OF THAT AMENDMENT IS NIGGERS.'—And a fat laugh refreshed the Bench.

And, of course, we lawyers laughed with the Court,—the Judge's jokes all being good jokes, from time whereof the memory of man runneth not to the contrary.

When the decision rendered in the case came to be written out, the language used by the Court was not so literal, but the sense is the same, for they say,

"Such a construction is clearly not contemplated in this Fourteenth Amendment. *It refers to classes, and means that you shall not impose a different rule upon a man whose color is black from that imposed upon one whose color is white.* THAT WAS THE PURPOSE OF THE AMENDMENT; THAT IS WHY IT IS PUT THERE; AND IT WAS NOT INTENDED TO MEAN ANYTHING ELSE."

When those three changes in the organic law were being made, nobody intended new legislation upon any other earthly subject than upon *the status of the negro.* To him, and to him alone, the Thirteenth, Fourteenth and Fifteenth Amendments were meant to carry new and precious gifts.

By the very wording of these Amendments it will be seen that they applied to natural persons, not to artificial creations by charter. Take the first sentence of the Fourteenth Amendment:

"All persons born or naturalized in the United States, and subject to the jurisdiction thereof, are citizens of the United States, and of the State wherein they reside."

Surely, it is clear that *this* sentence does not refer to corporations.

Take the next sentence.

"No State shall make or enforce any law which shall abridge the privileges or immunities of citizens of the United States; nor shall any State deprive ANY PERSON *of life, liberty or property,* without due process of law. . . . "

How can it be contended that this language refers to corporations?

Whenever a statute refers to *"any person"* in that way, the meaning *always is, natural person.*

"You shall not deprive any person of his life,"—does not mean a gas company.

"You shall not deprive any person of his liberty"—does not mean an exposition company.

"You shall not deprive a person of his property," comes right along in the same connection and applies, as the two preceding clauses obviously do, *to natural persons.*

The Legislature cannot imprison a corporation—then *why should the Fourteenth Amendment do so foolish a thing as to command the States not to do the impossible?*

What the framers of those Amendments meant was that the Southern States should not whip the devil around the stump, and practically *re-enslave the negro* by denying to him the equal protection of the laws.

The whole scope and purpose of Congress and the adopting States was to give to the recently emancipated negro those rights which *the laws of the States themselves gave to the whites.* That was all.

When these changes in the organic law of the Union were being made, the country was still rocking under the tremendous passions aroused by the Civil War. The Abolitionist was triumphant and intoxicated. He believed that the negro could be lifted into equality with the white man by virtue of constitutional tinkering. To strike off his chains and to rub his head with a school book would qualify him to guide the destinies of the Republic. Rebuking the Almighty for his neglect in not making a white man out of the African, the well-meaning but crazy Abolitionists determined to make a white man out of him by legislative enactment.

Any judicial construction of those three Amendments which fails to make *the legislative intent* the final test of their meaning must necessarily be wrong.

Yet,—incredible to relate!—Corporation lawyers have taken

possession of the Fourteenth Amendment as though it had been originally intended as a bomb-proof for chartered greed and encroachment.

Although the Bill of Rights of each State guarantees to its citizens full protection of life, liberty and property, the corporations shun the State Courts. With one accord they turn to the Federal Judges. To get themselves into the Federal Courts, they are compelled to allege a violation of the Constitution of the United States, and the only line in that instrument upon which they can build their hopes is that sentence already quoted from the Fourteenth Amendment, a sentence which has no reference whatever to artificial persons.

(T. E. W., 1907.)

THE CORDELE PLATFORM OF THE FARMERS' UNION

1.. The redemption, in good faith by the Democratic Party, of the Baltimore pledge in favor of Rural credits, supplying all farmers who can furnish good security, with loans on long time at low rates of interest, of money to be created by the Government, and loaned directly by the Government to the farmers.

2. The increase of the Income Tax with the graduated feature included, so that the percent of the tax shall increase as the net income of the millionaires increase.

3. A sufficient increase of our Navy and our coast defense, to insure the safety of the country against foreign attack, but no material increase of our standing Army; that all munition and shipbuilding plants should be owned by the Government, thereby making it independent of private corporations and individual greed.

4. The restriction of immigration, requiring that, with the exception of bona fide travelers, visitors and transients generally, every foreigner landing at our ports shall be required to register his name and previous habitat, and sign a pledge to take out naturalization papers within three months; the immigrant to be deported as an undesirable alien unless he complies wtih this written pledge.

5. The absolute avoidance by our Government of the internal affairs of Mexico or any other foreign, independent government.

6. That the reception or sending of Ambassadors from any Church, being in violation of the spirit of the Constitution of the Government, be forever forbidden.

7. That there be no appropriation of any public fund, State or National, to any sectarian purpose whatever. Favoring of laws for the protection of freedom of speech, the press, and of worship, and opposition to the passage of what is known as the Gallivan, Fitzgerald and Seigel Bills, now pending in Congress, which seek to penalize every attack on the Roman Catholic Church.

8. United opposition against the use of the overwhelming power of the United States Government by the American Federation of Catholic Societies to intimidate and incriminate stalwart Americans.

9. The extension of the R. F. D. System, and the improvement of the Parcels Post System in every way that the rural districts throughout the country may be benefitted thereby.

10. A demand in favor of free school books, published by the State, and furnished to the school teachers on written requisition, endorsed by the School Commissioners.

11. A tax to be placed on Coca-Cola and all similar soft drinks, said tax to be applied to the public school fund.

12. That the Legislature of the State to investigate the alleged appropriation of public school funds, in violation of the Constitution of the State ,to Roman Catholic sectarian schools.

13. The abolition of the fee system, and the placing of all officials on a salary.

14. Every official elected by the people should be subject to being voted out of office, when he betrays his trust.

15. We are of the opinion that the extension of the State Road by the State to sea should be had, this being of vital interest to the State of Georgia, and most important to the farmers.

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And let us hope that now all that perplexed him, all that troubled him, all the heart hunger, all the hopes realized, all the dreams fulfilled are no longer mysteries to him, and that with death came life and with the grave came realizations. I hope so; I pray so; I believe so. Friend, companion, teacher, philosopher, scholar, statesman, for a little while, to thee I gently say "good night."

(From Senate Memorial Services to Thos. E. Watson—Senator Caraway of Arkansas.)